Price 5 Cents. Established 1878

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLV. CHICAGO, JUNE 14, 1900. NUMBER 16

THE LIBERAL RELIGIOUS REVIEW OF AMERICA.

THE NEW WORLD

FOR JUNE.

CONTENTS.

THE DEEPER ISSUE IN THE RITUALISTIC CONTROVERSY IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND. K. C. ANDERSON.
ON PREACHING. W. KIRKUS.
THE CHRISTIAN IDEAL. CHARLES A. ALLEN.
PLUTARCH AND HIS AGE. R. M. WENLEY.
RELIGION AND THE LARGER UNIVERSE. JAMES T. BIXBY.
THE GREEK GAMES. WILLIAM McK. BRYANT.
THE TEACHING OF JESUS CONCERNING THE RICH. FRANCIS G. PEABODY.
BOOK REVIEWS.

$3.00 a Year. Single Numbers, 75 Cents.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., - - BOSTON.

CONTENTS.

PAGE
NOTES ... 243
The Suppliants of Liberty ... 244
GOOD POETRY—
A Woodland Tragedy—*Arlo Bates.* 246
CONGRESS OF RELIGION—
Science Session—The Responsibility of Freedom—REV. F. E. DEWHURST ... 246
READING IN MODERN MEXICAN AUTHORS—
Joaquin Garcia Icazbalceta—FREDERICK STARR ...
THE STUDY TABLE—
Two Books of Recent Poetry—OSCAR L. TRIGGS ... 252
THE HOME—
Helps to High Living ... 253
The Land of Pretty Soon—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox* ... 253
An American with Victoria's Crown ... 253
Stop Kicking ... 253
Overdid It ... 253
THE FIELD—
Foreign Notes—M. E. H. ... 254
Ann Arbor, Mich ... 254
The Boston Anniversaries ... 254

Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

western cities did circumstances permit. She said in part:

Preventive philanthropy, rather than ameliorative charity, is what we ought to concern ourselves with. Preventive philanthropy does not seek the glare of publicity, it does not receive the praise that is meted out to those who give large sums to relieve distress, but it is far nobler to give one's thoughts, time and attention to the study of the best methods to prevent vice, crime, distress, disease and poverty than to foster or permit conditions which inevitably make vice, crime, distress, disease and poverty, and then to squander a fortune to help straighten out just a little of the crookedness. Alms-giving tends to weaken character. True charity or philanthropy seeks to strengthen it. Character is the foundation of society. There are too many Cains today who strike down and kill their brothers. They may not kill them by one fell blow, but they kill them by the far more cruel and refined process of slow starvation. They starve their minds and souls as well as their bodies. Well may the Lord ask the modern Cain, "Where is Abel, thy brother?" The flesh and blood of our brothers and sisters are too often turned into bright gold by long and weary hours of work in overheated, poorly ventilated dens of toil or in underground mines. Accidents which could easily be prevented, and which are often fatal, are allowed to take place merely because our fellow men's lives are less precious than the gold that we coin from them.

This is the list of books of which an intelligent reader of UNITY says: "I have sent them to our ministers, hoping that they will persuade them to preach love in lieu of creeds. I have sent to six of them Drummond's 'Greatest Thing in the World,' Tolstoi's 'Where Love Is and Love Does It All,' Frothingham's 'Birth of the Spirit Christ,' a Christmas sermon for 1862, bearing the imprint of the anti-slavery office, New York, the expense of the publication, we understand, being borne by Gerritt Smith, the great lay prophet of liberty. It was a sermon born in the day of our nation's agony, but it has a burning message for us still:

We are embroiled in a furious civil war; the air is hot with revolution; the very ground we stand on is heaving with volcanic fires; the thoughts of men are in a chaos; the purposes of men are groping, blind and desperate; the very prayers of men meet and wrangle in mid air; the wills of men go about furiously, dashing themselves against the stones. In four days there goes into effect a decree, before which half the nation stands haggard with terror, the other half radiant with hope; a decree which has been wrung from the President only by the direst necessity; and the immediate and ultimate effects of which are left wholly to conjecture. How comes it that we are in such a dilemma? Is it not largely because in all these tens of centuries we have had a traditional Christ, a mythical Christ, a historical Christ, a Bible, Altar, Creed Christ, but no Spirit Christ illustrating the Divine in man? Is it not because the Christ has been localized and not vitalized? Is it credible that we should be in the pass we are if those principles the Christ personified, enunciated, illustrated—the sonship of the soul, the unity of mankind, the sacredness of the human being—had been so heralded that they had become familiar truths in the world? Should we be engaged in a fratricidal war? Would the cause of the war, slavery, have existed at this day? Would it be necessary to meet that cause with brute force and confront barbarism with barbarism? Should we be all afloat as we are now in our ideas of right and wrong, wise and unwise, expedient and inexpedient? * * *

We are in this desperate strait—we are in it because we have only a historical Christ, not a vital Christ. How shall we get through it with none but a historical Christ? Whence shall come the power to grapple with the problem? We need this moment a general and a deep faith that the Divine is in the human, as the basis of our hope for the African's future. We need a general and deep faith in the moral unity of the race as a ground for working for him and with him to make that future sure. We need a general and deep faith in the sanctity of the human being as a ground for a cordial respect and an earnest endeavor to secure his development and his rights.

As anticipated in our note on the biennial meeting of the Federation of Women's Clubs in Milwaukee, the meeting proved how shallow much of our boasted brotherhood and progress is. Alas how inadequate the federation is to its own pretensions. Mrs. Josephine Ruffin, representative of a colored club in Boston, was the occasion of a disturbance that amounted to a social consternation. Receiving her credentials before the situation was fully apprehended the action was somehow promptly nullified in committee rooms and her right to a place on the floor denied her. This great gathering must choose between being a great national "Social Function" which once every two years is to display its fine draperies, physical and mental, or being a noble and consistent congress of thought and morals. From the former worthy women with a tinge of color in their blood may be consistently excluded, for "Society," whatever it may be is something that has a right to establish its own standards and history and experience prove that these standards cannot be anticipated by any of the normal tests of merit or ability; but if it is to be the latter, the representatives of clubs otherwise qualified, though colored, cannot be consistently excluded. It is too late in the day for such an intelligent body of women as were gathered in Milwaukee to put forth the baseless claim that there is a color line in virtue, in culture or in religion. The noble, the wise and the trusting are indeed not very numerous and their representatives may be scarce, but they can be sought for on no one plane of social, financial, sectarian, political or race life. The cause of narrowness triumphed in Milwaukee but we believe that the Federation of Women's Clubs is so allied to human progress that this question is to be heard from again and that the decision is to be reversed. Our sisters in the South and North who are so alarmed by the introduction of the color line must learn the lesson which their brothers and fathers and husbands learned some thirty-five years ago, viz. that colored men and women are human beings clothed with the rights of citizenship by the laws of the United States and furnished with the credentials of humanity which entitles the good and wise among them to a place among the good and wise of the world by the author of the universe, the Father of white and black.

The Suppliants of Liberty.

The pilgrimage of the Boer envoys through the United States is surrounded with an atmosphere of pathos. Two little republics in far off Africa, representing pioneer communities that for one hundred and fifty years have been seeking to establish for themselves a government "of the people, for the people and by the people," are being overrun and dismantled by one of the mighty empires of the earth. The sole justification for this invasion urged by this empire is that its citizens who went there in search of gold and diamonds, did not like the franchise and other laws in a republic from which they could immigrate at any hour without interruption. This right of franchise withheld from the immigrants the privilege of voting for members in the upper legislative house and for the head

of the government for a term of years, while the upper house of legislation and the head of the home government of this empire at home are forever removed beyond the suffrage of any of its people. But more pathetic than the cause of the Boers, which is at least enshrined in heroism and ameliorated by the inspirations of valor, is the attitude of the United States towards these envoys of democracy. Apologize for it as we may, explain it as we will, the great American republic that welcomed Kossuth with enthusiasm and open arms, that championed the cause of the Greek uprising against tyranny, and Garibaldi's brave struggle for freedom, the republic that owes its existence to the friendly hand of a foreign power, that honors the traditions of LaFayette and Steuben and responded to the eloquence of Victor Hugo, has turned a cold shoulder to these envoys. They ask not that our country should break the neutrality between it and the English government to which it is pledged, but they ask and have a right to expect the ethical support of a republican government, the sympathy, love and enthusiasm of liberty loving citizens, and this to a great extent, notwithstanding the attitude of the government at Washington and the temper of a large element of the public press, they are receiving.

The reception to these envoys given at the Auditorium in Chicago was a memorable occasion. The mighty auditorium was filled with a people charged with ethical seriousness, tenderest sympathy and a prophetic enthusiasm. The meeting was held on the evening of the day in which Pretoria fell and it proved a strange new-day justification of the old Bible text that "it is better to go to a house of mourning than to a house of feasting." The news lifted speakers and listeners high above the temporal and the flippant.

Two envoys that could speak in English were heard with tearful sympathy. They spoke with the directness, simplicity and single mindedness which carried conviction. They recounted the steps that led to the invasion of their country, they retold the facts already historical which prove that the Transvaal government conceded point after point to the English government except their independency, that they pled for arbitration before the war began and they plead for it yet all to no avail. They showed what history will prove that underneath all causes of grievance is found the commercial ambition, the lust of territory and the aggressive spirit of the militarism that has so often maddened the lower England against the judgment of the higher England, and which blinds our own government today to the fundamental principles of the Declaration of Independence. The England of Milton, Cromwell, Tennyson and Gladstone grieves over the invasion and disruption of the African Republics as must the United States of Washington, Jefferson, Sumner, Emerson and Lincoln.

Well may Lord Salisbury urge upon English citizens to organize shooting clubs and to perfect themselves in the art of killing for the strong defenses of virtue and honor, which are the most effective weapons in the defense of any government, are being greatly weakened.

Says Professor Goldwin Smith in the *Toronto Weekly Sun*, as quoted in the *Literary Digest* of June 9, "No object that has ever been assigned for the South African war was worth the universal odium which Great Britain has drawn upon herself by using the gigantic power of her empire to crush the independence of a republic." The *Digest* further quotes from foreign papers. The German press recalls Bismarck's word that "England holds her power by courtesy." The *St. Petersburg Novoye Vrenya* explains the attitude of continental governments to Great Britain in this affair as follows:

> For the sake of peace the governments are silent. War is a dreadful thing, and the fear of war stays their hand, but that does not mean that they consider England's cause as just. * * * Lord Salisbury has shattered the hopes of the friends of peace. The Boer war has not taught England the error of her ways, and her isolation will be more complete than ever. It is impossible for her to find a trusty friend.

There does not seem now, as there never has seemed from the start, but one military outcome in this unequal contest and for humanity's sake we can but hope for a speedy conclusion of the awful work of war in South Africa, for the cruelest and most devastating of all wars is guerrilla warfare. Let England speedily complete her fell work and be done with it. The power that "maketh the wrath of men to praise Him" will doubtless bring good out of evil. But it will be a further illustration of Robert Browning's *Instans Tyrannus*, the conquering tyrant and not the conquered need be afraid. It is Jerusalem the vanquished and not Babylon the vanquishing, that stays in the history of the world. Little Greece, the invaded, not mighty Rome the invader, is the most permanent element in human history. Liberty triumphs whatever the result of the artillery duel may be.

UNITY welcomes the Boer envoys to America and bids them God speed because it believes that all kings and queens in the world are pretenders; i. e. they rule by arbitrary authority and that they must go. Because it believes that the poorest home government is better than the best foreign government ever executed, because it holds that democracy is the fundamental element in the government that is to obtain and consequently imperfect democracy is preferable to perfect imperialism should the alternative be pushed to this logical extremity which is not the case here and which never has been the case anywhere.

The Way.

Waits some work for thee to do—
  Up, and do it.
Be thy aim a lofty one—
  Rise thou to it.
Be the upward pathway lone—
  Still pursue it.
Though a mountain rise before—
  Hew thou through it.
Bids the Voice some joy forsake—
  Gladly leave it.
When the spirit calleth thee—
  Do not grieve it.
Pain may oft companion thee—
  Calm, endure it.
Wouldst know peace—integrity
  Will insure it.

—*Helen Hawthorne.*

GOOD POETRY.

A Woodland Tragedy.

A rose leaned over a woodland pool,
With its own imaged beauty thrilling;
So self-entranced, it had no eye
For daffodilly or lily cool,
Or bending grasses or dragon-fly
On wings of opal flitting by,
Or clouds the heavens filling.

There strayed a maiden the woodland through,
Her image in that mirror flinging.
The rose's blissful dreams swift fled;
Its beauty far outshone it knew;
Shivered in all its petals red
And on the pool their richness shed.—
The maiden passed on singing.

—*Arlo Bates.*

A Match.

If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf,
Our lives would grow together
In sad or singing weather,
Blown fields or flowerful closes,
Green pleasure or gray grief;
If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf.

If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune,
With double sound or single
Delight our lips would mingle,
With kisses glad as birds are
That get sweet rain at noon;
If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune,

If you were life, my darling,
And I your love were death,
We'd shine and snow together
Ere March made sweet the weather
With daffodil and starling
And hours of fruitful breath;
If you were life, my darling,
And I your love were death.

If you were thrall to sorrow,
And I were page to joy,
We'd play for lives and seasons
With loving looks and treasons
And tears of night and morrow
And laughs of maid and boy;
If you were thrall to sorrow,
And I were page to joy,

If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May,
We'd throw with leaves for hours
And draw for days with flowers,
Till day like night were shady
And night were bright like day;
If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May,

If you were queen of pleasure,
And I were king of pain,
We'd hunt down love together
Pluck out his flying-feather
And teach his feet a measure
And find his mouth a rein;
If you were queen of pleasure,
And I were king of pain,

—*Algernon Charles Swinburne.*

The Liberal Congress of Religion.

Sixth General Session.

The Meetings of the Sixth General Session of the Congress Stenographically Reported by Rev. W. S. Key, Assistant Secretary.

WEDNESDAY EVENING (continued).

Science Session.

The Responsibility of Freedom.

By Rev. F. E. Dewhurst, Pastor of University Congregational Church, Chicago.

It is the purpose of the present paper to show, not what the responsibility of freedom is, but that *freedom has responsibility* as its correlative.

It is a common tendency to deal with ideas in their antithetical relations, as negations and contradictions of each other. Both civil and religious history appear to have moved forward along the zigzag of antithesis. The "Ship of State" and the "Ark of Faith" alike seem to have met with head winds and to have been compelled to beat against them. We are all sailors and historians enough to know that progress can be made in this manner.

In the field of civil history the three types of nation-making so lucidly interpreted by Mr. Fiske, may be taken as a case in point. The Oriental type which is conquest without incorporation is antagonized, and at length supplanted, by the Roman type, which is conquest with incorporation, but without representation.

The Roman type is in turn antagonized and supplanted by the English type which is incorporation with representation. Absolutism, legalism, individualism—these are the successive tacks along which the ship of state heads toward the port of freedom, freedom of person, of property, of thought and of act. The spirit of *absolutism* is voiced by a French Louis who declares, as if he were uttering an axiom, "I am the State." The spirit of *legalism* is voiced by the peasant miller who lived in the reign of Frederic the Great, and who, when the emperor commanded the removal of the windmill which obstructed a view from the palace window, confronted him with the protest, "Sire, there's a supreme court at Berlin," and the windmill remained where it was. The spirit of *individualism* is voiced in the document, not yet outgrown, which declares that every man is entitled to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

Thus the law of zigzag is on the whole a law of progress; each stage is in antithesis to that before it and to that succeeding it; and each tack brings the State nearer to a complete realization of freedom.

Each moment and condition in political or social progress is therefore a good or an evil according as it is viewed in the light of antecedent or of subsequent conditions. Slavery is, at the outset, a good, a decided social advance; for it is better to own the captive of war and set him at work than it is to butcher him as a result of warlike conquest. But slavery is at length an evil of frightful mien, because it is better both for the slave and his master that he should own himself.

If now we turn from civil to religious history we discover a similar method of growth. The Church, like the State, has been compelled to beat to windward. The motive in the religious realm, corresponding to revolution in the political realm, has been Protestantism; for Protestantism is a principle of action which, relatively speaking, dwarfs the deed of Luther into a mere incident of history. Abraham was a Protestant when he came wandering out of the land of the Chaldees, because he had caught glimpses of a "city whose builder and maker was God"; the prophets were protestants from Elijah to John the Baptist.

Jesus was an uncompromising Protestant, and, paradoxical though it may seem, Paul is a fine example of a man whose fearless protests succeeded in making the religion of Jesus a Catholic religion. Thus the Church like the State has ploughed the main and each time the ship has come about, it has been a little nearer the port of freedom. It is not yet universally conceded that freedom is the only atmosphere in which faith can live. It is not quite universally believed that freedom to follow the truth is the surest guarantee that truth will be found. Absolutism in the State and authority in religion still have their advocates and their adherents, but the evident trend of history is toward freedom, toward the emancipation of every human power, toward the abandonment of positions which have no guarantee stronger than the guarantee of antiquity and of tradition. The compulsion is laid upon the spiritual leadership of this age, to proclaim the gospel so that every man shall hear it spoken to him in his own tongue. That will be the final and triumphant Pentecost.

Let us grant then that the goal of freedom is already in sight. Let us assume that the forces which fight for the full emancipation of every man are so splendidly equipped and so skillfully deployed that victory is inevitable. Let us even take it for granted that the day is not far off when even such shibboleths as a "Liberal Congress" and a "Liberal religion" will read like chapters in somewhat remote history. It is still pertinent and all the more pertinent to ask—What next?

When we have exhausted the method of antithesis is it not possible that we shall still find unexplored fields in following another method? When the Siegfried of the modern age has gathered the scattered pieces of Wotan's magic sword and thrust them into the hot forge of progress and on the anvil of freedom has welded them into a new unity, it will not be a sufficient justification and triumph for him to brandish the sword in mid-air, exclaiming, "Behold this is the sword of Wotan." Siegfried the artisan must put off his leather apron and don the armor of a new and more sacred knighthood. It is the faint prophecy of something like this which already comes to us from beyond the hills of the future. And even in a congress like this, which lays the utmost stress on freedom, it will seem no treason to declare that while freedom regarded as an instrument of progress is all-inspiring and all-strengthening, freedom regarded as an end, as the real and final goal will prove to be as paralyzing as absolutism itself.

The remark is attributed to Carlyle that "the conflict of the future is not between Tory and Radical, but between Believer and Unbeliever." It is not anywhere recorded that this confession of faith won for its author canonization as St. Thomas; but had it thus resulted we can quite easily imagine this Scotch "Son of Thunder" snatching the saint's halo from his brow and forging from it a new thunderbolt to hurl against his too hasty allies. "It needs something more than a clean shirt and reading German," wrote Emerson, "to visit Carlyle; for if we profess freedom he stands for slavery; if we praise republics he likes the Russian Czar." We must then get at least below the ecclesiastical layer in order to interpret a prophecy such as that just cited. His hope for the future is evidently not identical with that of the great Hildebrand eight centuries before him. When Hildebrand, as Pope Gregory VII had Emperor Henry on his knees before him at Canossa a humble penitent and suppliant, it might have seemed that the problems of the future were to be transferred from that arena of which Tory and Radical are synonyms to that spiritual arena of which Believer and Unbeliever are synonyms; that, in a word, the secular and political interests were to be subordinated to the ecclesiastical. But it is not likely that Hildebrand's dream will ever be fulfilled. The clock of God goes not back on the dial.

Nevertheless the prophecy of Carlyle is profoundly messianic; it is the herald of an age yet before us. For who *is* the Believer, in the vital and enduring significance of that badly abused word—who *is* the believer, if not the man who looks upon all this evolutionary process through which the race has been struggling, all this long and difficult and costly work of winning freedom and asserting our selfhood, as after all just the vestibule of the temple; as the mere prelude to the real drama of life?

"The Believer" is the man who cherishes the conviction that freedom is the indispensable instrument by which the individual makes vital connection with the divine and universal life; that it is the sword of the spirit by which he clears the pathway to his destiny and his goal. "The Unbeliever," whether he be optimist or pessimist, pious churchman or scornful cynic, stops short of the correlation of man with the universal life, and if he advocate freedom, he advocates it not as instrumental, but as final. "If a man has won his freedom what more does he want? That is the end of the argument."

Is it not clear then that the prophecy of Carlyle is sound? The conflict of the future, the problem of the future *is* that between Believer and Unbeliever. The problem will be transferred from this strenuous arena of antithesis where men have been making choice of *instruments* of conquest to that arena where men shall ask with a new eagerness: What is our freedom for? Freedom will recognize responsibility as its correlate. Or to give it the personal and truer statement: The man who is really and consciously a freeman will through his freedom be enabled to make that response to the Lord of the universe which he could not make until he had won freedom. "The slave knoweth not what his Lord doeth," Jesus said to his disciples. But we must not ignore the accompanying and completing statement, "I call you no longer slaves but friends; and ye are my friends if ye do that which I command you." The essence of slavery is ignorance of the laws of life and of a man's relation to them. The essence of freedom is the knowledge of all laws in order that a man may instantly and gladly respond to them.

Let me now venture to state two or three inferences from this general conclusion. First, the very moment that freedom recognizes responsibility as its correlate, the moment that the free man seeks to make the adjustment of himself to that fulness of life to which freedom has paved the way, then it becomes clear that those, who in the old arena of antitheis seemed implacable foes, are in some sense allies. In other words the staunch advocates of authority, those who have feared and dreaded and antagonized the march of freedom, have had a relatively just cause. And whenever truce has been declared long enough for the smoke to clear up and long enough for us to think about the issues involved, it has been evident that the advocates of authority have earnestly desired to keep the life of man in contact with its sources. They have believed, mistakenly believed, that the channels of grace, *sacerdotally* interpreted, are the only channels through which this contact may be maintained; and the rejection of the method seems a rejection of the end. Freedom seems disrupting and chaotic, seems like the process of tearing the fabric from the loom on which the warp was continuous, and above which hung the pattern after whose form the fabric was taking on beauty and value. What is man going to do with all these torn and broken ends of life? How can he ever solve the problem of his destiny when the

only authoritative solution is in the hands of those from whose guidance he has broken away? This we recognize as the familiar appeal of authority, an appeal whose tones have come forth sometimes resonant and sweet and clear and again hoarse, and strident, jangled out of tune. We cannot forget how irresistible the appeal of tradition and authority was to a mind as acute and a heart as pure as Cardinal Newman's. In the light of such experiences one realizes that the inertia of stupidity and the sheer love of power are not the only motives which have given the doctrine of spiritual authority its vitality. Men have believed that man's life needed to touch the life of God; and if the sacerdotal touch was the only contact possible (and presumably it alone is possible to a thoroughly Latin philosophy) then the entire machinery of sacerdotalism becomes necessary and acceptable.

It therefore remains for free men to prove that through their freedom they have found the way to the heart of the Eternal; it remains for them to speak with an authority which shall witness itself as more vital than the authority of scribe and priest; it remains for them to interpret into all the need and aspiration of human life the miracle of the open heaven and the dove descending to rest upon the head of the Son of Man. "I do not think the summit of this age is truly reached," wrote Emerson in his latter days, "unless it attain the height which religion and philosophy reached in any former age. If I miss the inspiration of the saints of Calvinism or of Platonism or of Buddhism, our times are not up to theirs."

We are living in an age which is justly growing more and more impatient of creeds which seek to bind the present to the past. We are becoming aware that keeping faith and keeping the creed are by no means identical propositions and the number is increasing who are willing to trust man in this great universe of God's and who believe that he cannot really and permanently get lost in a world into whose every nook and cranny looks the friendly eye of God.

But speaking for myself I profoundly wish that one article of the familiar catechism might survive the rack of criticism and be permitted reincarnation in the vernacular of a more real life. "The chief end of man is to glorify God and enjoy him forever." Strip the formula of every deistic implication, strip it of its individualism, its tone of mystic selfishness, plunge it in the bath of an immanental philosophy of the divine nature, clothe it anew in terms of character, of service, of a community of life reaching from heaven to earth; behold it in the light of that great word of Jesus—It is my meat and my drink to do the will of him that sent me and to accomplish his work—and what watchword, what confession could man frame that would more adequately express his sense of the greatness and the glory of his life. To glorify God and enjoy him forever! To feel that all these human tasks, these earthly errands, these manifold vocations are so many ways of realizing the divine life and the divine purpose in man; and to find our joy in that work as the artist finds in his creation—what could afford so much inspiration, what could more increase man's courage and his devotion?

But there is a second inference; it is that which gives the main motive to this discussion; and it has already been foreshadowed. We have assumed that the march of man is in the direction of freedom. We have assumed further that, for modern men, there can be no ground for hesitation between freedom and authority, as instruments of truth and of life. We have noted also that the end which the advocates of authority have wished to reach is a true and worthy end.

Now the supreme question is: Can men actuated by the spirit of freedom and committed to its method and its full implication make clear to themselves and to mankind that through that way they will the more surely find God and more firmly bind themselves to his eternal way? Can these men of the modern day who have not refrained from proclaiming from the housetop the doctrine of Paul that where the "spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty" turn that saying about and proclaim again from every housetop: "Where liberty is, there is the spirit of the Lord?"

One hardly needs to insist upon the historical accuracy of the Fourth gospel to realize how very modern much of its philosophy is, or how well it interprets the social and organic conceptions of the age. When we read the words put into the mouth of Jesus, "If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed," we rub our eyes to see if the words were not written yesterday. For the freedom given by a *son* who interprets sonship and binds us to the common life and to social service is that freedom which stands before us today and, with beseeching countenance, asks us not to turn away from the great responsibility and the great opportunity of life.

We chance to live at a time when we may apply to ourselves the words of the apostle in a significant sense: "Upon us the ends of the ages are met." We live at a time when Freedom, the watchword of a former age, is almost accomplished and when social and spiritual unity, the watchword of a new age, is still prophetic; and our great task is to weld the overlapping ends of these two ages and these two ideals together.

Ruskin said that when a man can really do his work he ceases to talk about it. Perhaps it is true also that when a man is really free he ceases to talk about his freedom and begins to see what he can do with it. I like to read Emerson's essay on Self Reliance at least once a year and his essay on the Sovereignty of Ethics two or three times a year. One gives us the noble and inspiring sense of emancipation; the other the stern call to duty and service. "The moral powers are thirsts for action," is the ringing call of the later message; and that may well be taken as a text for a considerable time to come, "The moral powers are thirsts for action."

I cannot but believe that the future is full of promise and of cheer to those who hold their freedom as an avenue of responsible service. But the task of the future is confessedly more difficult than the task of the past. The response from free men is more difficult to win and mould than the response from men blindly following authority, just as the discipline and unity of a voluntary association of men is more difficult to secure and maintain than that of a regiment. In the case of the regiment it "is theirs not to reason why, theirs but to do and die." In the case of free men, it *is* theirs distinctly and always to reason why: it is theirs, like Paracelsus, to "prove their souls," to struggle and to know, but theirs also, like Aprile, to love, to serve and if need be to die.

Therefore our age must find its fruitage in men who having won the freedom to think shall cease to boast this prerogative and shall feel the responsibility to think, and if possible to "think the thoughts of God after him": in men who, having won the right of free speech shall make noble use of that right in speaking such words as shall give new inspiration and stimulus to the common life; of men who, having won the right to call what they have and what they acquire their own, shall instantly recognize how every privilege and right and acquisition we call our own has "been bought with a price," how the struggle and the toil of the whole race is behind it, how therefore the trust of riches is among the weightiest and the sacredest of trusts God has ever imposed on a

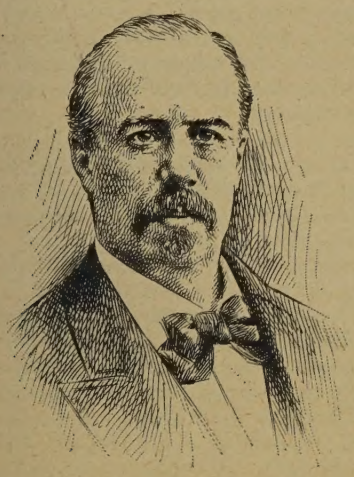
human being; of men, finally, who having won by blood and sacrifice on the world's battlefields, the right to govern themselves, shall recognize in an upspringing and triumphant democracy a new and divine opportunism, the opportunism of a favoring opportunity to translate step by step the order of absolute and eternal right into human rights, human privileges, and human blessings.

Yes, the task of the future, the task of free men, is heavy and responsible. We may well go forth into it with the prayer of the Breton sailor on our lips, "Help me O God, my boat is so small and thy ocean is so vast"; but we may also go with the assurance that though it be after many days, we shall reach the desired haven.

Readings in Modern Mexican Authors.

JOAQUIN GARCIA ICAZBALCETA.

No name better deserves to be first mentioned in the list of modern Mexican writers than that of Joaquin Garcia Icazbalceta. He was born in the City of Mexico Aug. 25, 1825. His father was a Spaniard, his mother a Mexican. On account of the disorders connected with the Revolution, his parents left Mexico, going first to the United States and later to Spain,



where they remained until 1836. In that year they returned to Mexico. The boy showed early earnestness in study and was well instructed by private tutors. He was acquainted with and encouraged by the great historian, Lucas Alaman, who no doubt had much to do with his decision, about 1846, to devote himself to historical study.

The list of his works is a long one. He translated Prescott's *Conquest of Peru* into Spanish and enriched it with valuable notes. To the well known *Diccionario Universal de Historia y Georgrafia* (Universal Dictionary of History and Geography) he contributed the biographical sketches of many personages of the sixteenth century. In 1858 he began publishing the *Coleccion de Documentos para la Historia de Mexico* (Collection of Documents for the History of Mexico), two volumes of ancient, and for the most part unknown, matter of the highest value. This was continued by the publication in 1870 of Mendieta's *Historia Ecclesiastica Indiana* (Ecclesiastical History of the Indians.) Still later in 1886-1892 these volumes were followed by four similar volumes under the name *Nueva Coleccion de Documentos para la Historia de Mexico* (New Collection of Documents for the History of Mexico). These papers were all original works, many of them from the sixteenth century, of the greatest importance and interest, and most, if not all, of them would have been lost or never known but for Icazbalceta's care. In publishing this matter our author always added notes and explanations, characterized by lucidity, interest, and learning. Two important works were published in 1875 and 1877—*Mexico en 1554* (Mexico in 1554) and *Coloquios Espirituales y Sacramentales y Poesias sagradas* (Spiritual and Sacramental Colloquies and Sacred Poems.) The former was a reprint of three interesting dialogues in Latin by Francisco Cervantes Salazar; the book is most rare; Icazbalceta printed the original Latin text with a Spanish translation and added his usual valuable notes. The other book, chiefly composed of religious dramas for popular representation, was by Fernan Gonzales de Eslava, who was by no means a mean poet. In reprinting this curious sixteenth century book Icazbalceta practically traced the whole history of the religious play in Mexico of the past. No Mexican bibliographer has done more important work than Icazbalceta. Two works in this line need special mention. His *Apuntes para un Catalogo de Escritores en lenguas indigenas de America* (Notes for a Catalogue of Writers in the Native Languages of America) is not only interesting in itself, but has been the necessary foundation for everything since written regarding Mexican languages. As for his *Bibliografia Mexicana del siglo xvi.* (Mexican Bibliography of the Sixteenth Century), it is a wonderful work, representing forty years of labor. "It is a systematic catalogue of books printed in Mexico in the years between 1539 and 1600, with biographies of authors and various illustrations, facsimiles of ancient title pages, extracts from rare books, bibliographic notes, etc., etc." It is far more—it is really a restoration of the life of that wonderful age in American letters. In biography our author is eminently happy; he usually loves and reverences his subject. In 1881 he published his *Don Fray Juan de Zumarraga, Primer Obispo y Arzabispo de Mexico* (Friar Juan de Zumarraga, first bishop and archbishop of Mexico). It is a magnificent example of such work. Another subject of his love was Alegre, and besides a biography of him he wrote—1889—*Opusculos ineditos Latinos y Castellanos de Francisco Javier Alegre* (The Unpublished Works, Latin and Spanish, of Francisco Javier Alegre). Icazbalceta's last great work was *Diccionario de Provincialismos Mexicanos* (Dictionary of Mexican Provincialisms). This was passing through the press at the time of his death, Nov. 26, 1894.

Many of Icazbalceta's choicest writings were monographs of no great length prepared for reading before the Mexican Academy or other organizations of which he was a member. These always show the same careful gathering of facts, the same just criticism, and the same literary character as his greater works. Our selections—all but one—are from such a discourse read before the academy in June and July, 1882, entitled, *Le instruccion publica en Mexico durante el siglo xvi.* (Public Instruction in Mexico during the Sixteenth Century.) The other is from a paper—*Los Medicos de Mexico en el siglo xvi.* (The Physicians of Mexico in the Sixteenth Century). These passages will no doubt surprise many readers, who have been pleased to believe that Spain's policy was to hold its conquered territories in deep ignorance.

"When the first Spanish missionaries arrived, they faced that great mass of uncivilized folk, which it was necessary to convert and civilize in a single day. Today there exist an enormous number of establishments and private teachers for educating youth in classes, graded with relation to ages; there were then twelve men for millions of children and adults, who begged, in concert, for light, and light which it was impossible to deny them, because it was not merely a matter of human

culture, which most important as it it, did not then occupy the first place; but of opening the eyes to blind heathen and of making them take the straight road for attaining the salvation of their souls. The matter then seemed serious; it was really still more so, because the new teachers had never heard the language of their pupils. But what may not devotion accomplish? Those venerable men quickly mastered the unknown language and then others and others as they met them; they understood, or rather they divined, the peculiar character of the population, and at once converted, instructed, and protected it. The first missionaries and those who followed after them, were certainly no common men; almost all were educated; many like Fathers Tecto, Gaona, Focher, Vera Cruz and others had shone in professorships and prelacies; they were of noble birth, and three of them, Fathers Gante, Witte and Daciano, felt royal blood coursing through their veins. All renounced the advantages promised by a brilliant career; all forgot their hard gained learning to devote themselves to the primary instruction of the poor and unprotected Indians. What inflated doctor, what betitled professor today would accept a primary school in an obscure village?

The Franciscans went everywhere rearing temples to the true God, and with them schools for children. They gave to their principal convents a special plan; the church set from east to west and the school, with its dormitories and chapel at right angles to it, stretching to the north. The square of buildings was completed by the ample court, which served for teaching the Christrian doctrine to adults, in the morning before work, and also for the sons of the *macehuales* or Plebeians who came to receive religious instruction; the school building was reserved for the sons of nobles and lords; although this distinction was not rigidly observed.

At first the friars found great difficulty in gathering together boys to fill these schools, because the Indians were not yet capable of understanding the importance of the new discipline and refused to give their boys to the monasteries. They had to appeal to the government that it should compel the lords and principal men to send their sons to the schools; first experiment in compulsory education. Many of the lords, not caring to give up their children, but not daring to disobey, adopted the expedient of sending, in place of their own sons, and as if they were these, other boys, sons of their servants or vassals. But in time, perceiving the advantage these plebeian boys, by education, were gaining over their masters, they sent their sons to the monastaries, and even insisted on their being admitted. The boys dwelt in the lodgings built for the purpose in connection with the schools, some so spacious as to suffice for eight hundred or a thousand. The friars devoted themselves by preference to the children, as being—from their youth—more docile and apt to learn, and found in them most useful helpers. Soon they employed them as teachers. The adults brought from their wards by their leaders, came to the *patios* and remained there during the hours set for instruction, after which they were free for their ordinary occupations. Divided into groups, one of the best instructed boys taught to each group the lesson learned from the missionary."

"Although you know the fact well, gentlemen, you would not forgive me should I omit mentioning the work which the noted lay brother, Pedro de Gante, blood relative of the Emperor Charles V, did in the direction of instructing the Indians. He was not the founder of the College of San Juan de Letran, as is generally stated, but of the great school of San Francisco, in Mexico, which he directed during a half century. This was constructed, as was customary, behind the convent church, extending toward the north, and contiguous to the famous chapel of San Jose de Belem de Naturales—the first church of Mexico, the old cathedral included. There our lay brother brought together fully a thousand boys, to whom he imparted religious and civil instruction. Later he added the study of Latin, of music, and of singing, by which means he did a great service to the clergy, because from there went forth musicians and singers for all the churches. Not satisfied with this achievement, he brought together also adults, with whom he established an industrial school. He provided the churches with painted or sculptured figures; with embroidered ornaments, sometimes with designs interspersed of the feather work, in which the Indians were so distinguished; with crosses, with candlestick standards, and many other objects necessary for church service, no less than with workmen for the construction of the churches themselves, for he had in that school painters, sculptors, engravers, stonecutters, carpenters, embroiderers, tailors, shoemakers, and other trades workers. He attended to all and was master of all. The gigantic efforts of that immortal lay brother cause genuine admiration—who without other resources than his indomitable energy, born of his warm charity, reared from the foundations and sustained for so many years a magnificent church, a hospital and a great establishment, which was at once a primary school, a college of higher instruction and religious teaching, an academy of the fine arts, and a trades school, in fine a center of civilization."

Industrial schools, compulsory education, these seem to us usually modern ideas; but these old teachers knew something of object teaching, of adapting methods to varying conditions. Thus:

"They completed the instruction by the use of signs, and it may be imagined that the result was little or nothing. Desirous of hastening the instruction and realizing that what enters by the eye engraves itself more easily upon the mind, they devised the idea of painting the mysteries of religion upon a canvas. Friar Jacob de Tastera, a Frenchman, was the first, it seems, who tested this method. He did not know the language, but he showed the Indians the chart and caused one of the brighter among them, who knew something of Spanish, to explain the meaning of the figures to the others. The other friars followed his example and the system continued in use much time. They were also accustomed to hang the necessary charts upon the wall, and the missionary, as he made the doctrinal explanations, indicated with a pointer the corresponding chart. The Indians accustomed to painted hieroglyphs adopted them for writing catechisms and prayerbooks for their own use, but varying the old form and interspersing here and there words written with European letters, from which there resulted a new species of mixed writing, of which curious examples are preserved, some of which are in my possession. They made use of the same method of jotting down a record of their sins that they might not forget them at the time of going to the confessional. The use of the pictures was so pleasing to the Indians that it lasted all that century and a part of the following. In 1575 Archbishop Moya de Contreras substituted with announcements in pictures, papal bulls which failed to come from Spain; and the well known French writer, Friar Juan Bautista, caused figures to be engraved—after the seventeenth century had begun—for use in teaching the Indians of that time the doctrine."

The famous University of Mexico was opened in 1553, almost seventy years before the pilgrims landed

at Plymouth Rock. Literary contests of a public character were not infrequent.

"The doors of the university opened, there entered by them a great number of youth, who waited with impatience the moment of commencing or prosecuting their studies. So Cervantes Salazer testifies in the description which he wrote of the institution, the year following its establishment. Soon the literary exercises began and notable was the ardor with which the students engaged in scholastic disputations, to which, as Cervantes says, night alone put an end. The learned men who were already in Mexico hastened to connect themselves with the university, among them Archbishop Montufar. Nothing was omitted to add to the luster of the new school, since there were given to it the privileges of the University of Salamanca and the title Royal and Pontifical. From it sallied many alumni as teachers, or to occupy high positions in church and state. It was really, as its founders had planned, a source of supply (nursery) of educated men, which in large measure obviated the necessity of bringing such from Europe, and there were even some who *there* brilliantly displayed the education which they had received in the schools of Mexico."

"In the year 1578, on the occasion of the arrival at Mexico of a great quantity of sacred relics, presented by Pope Gregory XIII to the Jesuits, it was decided to celebrate a brilliant festival. Upon the announcement of this many distinguished persons and a multitude of others betook themselves to Mexico. An official proclamation, given forth beforehand with much ceremony, announced a program of seven literary controversies. The procession with the sacred relics sallied from the cathedral, and on the way to the Church of the Jesuits, where they were to be deposited, there were reared five magnificent triumphal arches 'at least fifty feet high.' Besides these more important ones, the Indians constructed more than fifty, made of boughs and flowers according to their custom. All the doors and windows of the houses were adorned with rich tapestries, Flemish stuffs embroidered with gold and silk. In the arches, as at the corners, and in the little ornamental shrines which decorated the line of march, there were displayed placards and shields with inscriptions, sentences, and poetical verses in Latin, Spanish, and even in Greek and Hebrew. At each arch the procession paused to see and hear dances, sports, music and poems. During the space of eight days, in the afternoons, upon platforms erected for the purpose, the students of the different schools in turn represented religious plays. One of these was the tragedy of the persecution of the church under Diocletian and the prosperity which followed, with the reign of Constantine. This drama, which still exists in printed form, was undoubtedly a work of the Jesuit professors. Delighted with its rendition the populace demanded its repetition, which took place the following Sunday."

"An immense field is opened before my view, in the linguistic and historic works, which we owe to the sixteenth century. On their arrival the missionaries found themselves face to face with a language entirely unknown by the inhabitants of the old world; and as they progressed with their apostolic labors they discovered with pain that this land, where the curse of Babel seems to have fallen with especial weight, was full of different languages, of all forms and structures, some polished, others barbarous, for which they had neither interpreters, nor teachers, nor books, and for the most part not even a people of culture who spoke them. That difficulty in itself would suffice to discourage the most intrepid mind; but there did not in the world exist anything which could quench the fire of charity with which the missionaries were aglow. They undertook the contest with the hundred-headed monster and vanquished him. Today the study of a group of languages, or even of one tongue, raises the fame of the philologist to the clouds, although he usually finds the way pathed out for him by previous labors; but the missionares learned, or rather divined all, from the first beginnings; a single man at times attacked five or six of these languages without analogy, without a common filiation, without known alphabet, with nothing that might facilitate the task. Today such investigations are made, for the most part, in the tranquillity and shelter of the study; then, in the fields, the groves, upon the roads, under the open sky, in the midst of fatigues of the mission journey, of hunger, of lack of clothing, of sleeplessness.

The missionaries did not undertake such heavy tasks to attain fame; they did not compare the languages, nor treat them in a scientific way; they tried to reduce them all to the plan of Latin; but they went straight to the practical end of making themselves comprehensible to the natives, and laid firm foundations, upon which might be reared a magnificent structure. The linquistic section of our literature is one of those which most highly honor it, and this, although we know but a portion of it. Countless are the writings which have remained unpublished, either for lack of patronage to supply the cost of printing or because they were translations of sacred texts which it was not permitted to place in vulgar hands. Father Olmos is a notable example of the sad fate which befell many of these writers. It is believed that he knew various Chichimecan dialects, because he was a long time among them, and it is certain that he wrote without counting other books, grammars and vocabularies of the Aztec, Huastec and Totonac languages. Of such great works only his Aztec grammar has survived, which, after circulating during more than three centuries through public and private libraries, has finally been saved, thanks to the beautiful edition of it which was published, not in Mexico, but in Paris in 1875. In a history of Mexican literature, notices and analysis of the books on the native languages—today so much esteemed and studied in foreign lands—claim a place of honor."

"That same year, about the month of September, the famous Dr. Francisco Hernandez, court physician of Philip II, arrived in Mexico. He was a native of Toledo and was born about 1517 or 1518. Nothing is known of his life previous to his journey to New Spain, whither he came by royal commission, to write the natural history of the country, with reference to medicine. He consumed seven years in the discharge of his commission, making continual journeys, meeting obstacles and suffering diseases which brought him to the edge of the grave. It has been generally said that Philip II supplied the expenses of this expedition with regal munificence and that it cost him 20,000 ducats; but documents published in our days, clearly show that Hernandez was given but a modest salary, although we do not know exactly the amount, with no assistance whatever for his extraordinary expenses, not even for those occasioned by his frequent journeys. Nor was he supplied the assistance usual in such cases, and he had no other helper than his own son. In spite of all this he was never discouraged in that great enterprise. In order to devote himself entirely to it, he refused to practice medicine in Mexico, 'throwing away the opportunity of gaining more than 20,000 pesos by the practice of the healing art, and much more by occupations pursued in this country, on account of employing myself entirely in the service of your majesty and in the consummation of the work'—as

he himseslf says in a letter to the king. Not content with describing and making drawings of the plants and animals of New Spain he caused the efficacy of the medicines to be practically tested in the hospitals, and availing himself of his title of *protomedico,* convoked the practitioners then in the city and urged them to make similar tests and to communicate the results to him. Finally he carried to Spain 1577 seventeen volumes of text and illustrations, in which was the natural history; and an additional volume containing various writings upon the customs and antiquities of the Indians. Copies of all were left in Mexico, which have disappeared. He wrote the work in Latin; he translated a part of it into Spanish and the Indians, under his direction, commenced a translation into Aztec.

"Arrived in Spain Hernandez suffered the severest blow possible for an author—instead of his great work being put promptly to press as he had expected, it was buried in the shelves of the library of the Escorial; to be sure with all honor, for the volumes were 'beautifully bound in blue leather and gilded and supplied with silver clasps and corners, heavy and excellently worked.' However, this magnificent dress did not serve to protect the work, which finally perished, almost a century later, in the great conflagration of the Escorial, which took place the 7th and 8th of June, 1671, nothing being saved except a few drawings, just enough to augment our appreciation of the loss. Dr. Hernandez survived his return little more than nine years, since he died Feb. 28, 1587."

FREDERICK STARR.

(*Copyright Reserved.*)

THE STUDY TABLE.

Two Books of Recent Poetry.

Henry Van Dyke* has the pen of a ready writer. He is essayist, critic, preacher, fisherman, story teller and poet. For variety of accomplishment he is easily first among the younger American authors. Others may surpass him in single excellencies, his writings taken separately may lack originality and vigor, but few have achieved his successes in the field of letters as a whole. He is, in short, a conspicuous instance of a man of letters, trained in the eastern conventions, keeping to old paths, appealing to piety and sentiment, yet from whose work the evidence of wide culture, the quality of distinction, is never absent. Even while he preaches he classicizes, and if one is not impressed by the thought he is charmed by the style. "The Builders" and "The Toiling of Felix," with related poems, represent his contributions to poetry. One discovers no new note of poetry in these, no striking originality. The verse itself is spontaneous and musical. But the sentiment is trite, the thought conventional, and the nature-note—the most lyrical of the elements—subdued. It would seem that the author has lived so long in an atmosphere of refinement that he is not able to touch the realities of life and thought. Yet the volume has charm and even distinction—and I do not doubt the writer's sincerity or that he is true to his visions. "The Toiling of Felix," is a song of the gospel labor, based upon one of the "Sayings of Jesus," recently discovered in Egypt: *"Raise the stone and thou shalt find me; cleave the wood, and there am I."* This is the answer that came to Felix seeking saintship in solitary prayer, and abandoning his mountain cell he turned his footsteps to the common life and learned in "hewing wood and drawing water, splitting stones and cleaving sod," that "honest toil is holy service, faithful work is praise and prayer." "This," concludes the poem—

This is the gospel of labor—ring it, ye bells of the kirk;
The Lord of Love came down from above to live with the men who work.
This is the rose that He planted, here in the thorn-cursed soil;
Heaven is blest with perfect rest, but the blessing of earth is toil.

Mr. Horace Spencer Fiske* has gathered into volume form a sheaf or two of fugitive and "occasional" poems, adopting for a conspicuous title the name of the first poem, "The Battle of Manila Bay." Many of the pieces have appeared in magazines and the Chicago papers. The distinctive feature of the volume is its modernity, its truth to the author's personal experience. Each poem represents a moment of life that has been actually lived, the impression, the mood the thought of a given experience. So true is the reflection of life that one could make from the volume a fairly complete biography of the author; the education, travels, studies, friends, interests and occupations. He is a graduate of Beloit College, was expert at college games and studied Greek. He has traveled in Great Britain, his poetic enthusiasm being especially aroused at the memorials of poets. He is a student of literature, being particularly fond of Shakespeare, Milton, Shelley and Wordsworth. Sculpture attracts him beyond the other forms of art. His home is in Chicago, his occupation a teacher, and he believes in his city, its institutions and the local artistic potentiality. He is the poet among the Eagle's Nest group of artists that camp summers at Oregon. He likes animals, children, football and books. If he did not bear a gun during the Spanish-American war he must have sent a substitute by his war ballads. The verse forms are generally conventional but the phrasing is characteristic, his motive being sincerity of expression rather than mere refinement of form. The sonnets, perhaps, represent him at his best, his nature being reflective rather than active. I quote "From the Dome of St. Paul's":

These deep-walled streets whose crowded channels surge
With ceaseless tumult, rolling at the feet
Of this unshaking temple, while the beat
Of its great bells is sounding a swift dirge!—
In their wild currents, from the outmost verge
Of hope, life plunges to its last retreat,
Thinking to reach oblivion complete,
And in the sullen roar its sorrow merge.
Through these vast windings, what tumultuous fears,
What sudden madness, what despair have swept,
What reddened waves of murder mixed with tears!
How vice upon the innocent hath crept,
And anarchy loud hissed in frightened ears,
And poverty its bitter anguish wept!

The poems are appropriately illustrated by the objects that called them forth. The book is the first of the kind to appear from the University of Chicago Press.

OSCAR L. TRIGGS.

The *Advocate of Peace* says of Tolstoi's last book, "Resurrection":

The book makes you feel that regeneration, either of corrupt individuals or of society, is by no means an easy process. But it is not at all pessimistic in its teaching. It is full of a high idealism. It inspires a hope—sad, struggling, heroic—that even the worst, the lowest, the deadest, is worth seeking to save and can through self-abandoning love be reached and redeemed. One cannot but feel as he lays the book down that the great Russian has put some of the bitterest of his own life struggle into its chapters. He has certainly turned the eyes of the world and fixed them upon the worst evils in Russian life, and the moral fruitage of the book must ultimately be very great.

* "The Toiling of Felix," by Henry Van Dyke. Charles Scribner's Sons, N. Y., 1890.

* "The Ballad of Manila Bay and Other Verses," by Horace Spencer Fiske. The University of Chicago Press, 1900.

THE HOME.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—The doing of things from duty is but a stage on the road to the kingdom of truth and love.

MON.—Never a cry of love went forth from human heart but it found some heavenly chord to fold it in.

TUES.—No one can afford to let the smallest love-germ die.

WED.—The best way to assist posterity is to be true to your contemporaries.

THURS.—A man ought never to feel rich for riches nor poor for poverty.

FRI.—The worthy existence must hunger after good.

SAT.—It is amazing from what a mere fraction of fact concerning him, a man will dare judge the *whole* of another man. *George Macdonald.*

The Land of Pretty Soon.

I know a land where the streets are paved
With the things we meant to achieve.
It is walled with the money we meant to have saved
And the pleasures for which we grieve.
The kind words unspoken, the promises broken,
And many a coveted boon,
Are stowed away there in that land somewhere,
The land of Pretty Soon.

There are jewels uncut of possible fame
Lying about in the dust,
And many a noble and lofty aim
Covered with mould and rust.
And Oh! this place, while it seems so near,
Is farther away than the moon;
Though our purpose is fair, we never get there,
To the land of Pretty Soon.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox in Union Signal.*

An American With Victoria's Crown.

On a bright spring morning, sixty years ago, says *Harper's Round Table,* the young daughter of a famous portrait painter, Thomas Sully, was driving with her father to Buckingham Palace, where the youthful queen then resided. Mr. Sully had been asked to paint the queen's portrait in the coronation robes, which she had not yet worn. Little Miss Sully thought they must be heavy; and she felt very glad, on that bright spring morning, that she was not obliged to be a queen because her uncle had died.

Buckingham Palace certainly did not look at all like the palaces described in fairy tales; and the little traveler who saw it for the first time thought it wonderfully like a block of ugly houses rolled into one. The armed sentries, however, were quite imposing, and so was the staff of soldiers on either side of them, through which they passed to the room in which the queen was to receive them.

Mr. Sully arranged his painting materials, while attendants brought in the coronation robes, with the crown on a crimson cushion. It was the famous picture of which so many engravings have been made, and for which the as yet uncrowned sovereign was to give a sitting that morning.

Presently a very fair, sweet-looking girl entered the room with two or three ladies, and the artist and his daughter bowed respectfully. This was her youthful majesty, Alexandrina Victoria, and she looked so small and childlike in a plain black silk gown that the little American found it hard to realize her high position. She came in, too, with her thimble on her finger, as though she had just left a piece of sewing in which she was very much interested.

She greeted Mr. Sully and his daughter very pleasantly; then she made up quite a face at the jewel studded crown, and declared that it gave her a headache. Little Miss Sully admired it greatly as she watched the flashing of the numerous gems, but her consternation was indescribable when she heard herself offered by her father as the queen's substitute.

"It is not at all necessary," said the artist, "that your majesty should sit to me unless I am painting your features, and my daughter will gladly relieve you this morning."

The queen seemed very much relieved. But her little American representative was not at all comfortable under the weight of all those jewels.

Presently the painter stopped and removed the burden to give his daughter a short rest. Then the queen came forward and talked to her little substitute, giving pleasant accounts of her home life at Kensington Palace. But the time was up and the still more youthful American queen returned to her burden again. She could not bear it quite so long now; and it was a puzzle how the little, delicate looking Lady of the Isles could bear it during all those tedious coronation hours. No one was sorry when the work came to an end for that day, and then the queen became quite merry and chatty. She told them about her lessons and her sewing, and then it came out that she was making garments for the poor. But she was full of fun; and on leaving the room she backed out with a bow and a smile, as though she were a subject departing from the august presence of royalty.

Stop Kicking.

"Edward Everett once concluded a stately speech in congress with a long, sonorous, and superbly modulated citation of a passage from Tacitus, and then took his seat. No sooner was he through than up sprang a burly member from the West. He had once been an Indian agent, and he began to pour out a vehement harangue in Choctaw. After a while the Speaker called him to order. 'I don't see why my freedom of speech should be abridged,' he cried; 'you let the gentleman from Massachusetts run on, and I didn't understand the first word of his lingo any better than he does mine.' The scene was very comical, but it struck the death-knell of further classical quotations in Congress."

Overdid it.

An ececntric clergyman in Cornwall had been much annoyed by the way the members of the congregation had of looking around to see late comers. After enduring it for some time he said, on entering the reading desk one day: "Brethren, I regret to see that your attention is called away from your religious duties by your very natural desire to see who comes in behind you. I propose henceforth to save you the trouble by naming each person who may come late."

He then began: "Dearly beloved," but paused half way to interpolate, "Mr. S——— with his wife and daughter."

Mr. S——— looked rather surprised, but the minister, with perfect gravity, resumed. Presently he again paused: "Mr. C——— and William D———."

The abashed congregation kept their eyes studiously bent on their books. The service proceeded in the most orderly manner, the parson interrupting himself every now and then to name some new comer. At last he said, still with the same perfect gravity:

"Mrs. S——— in a new bonnet."

In a moment every feminine head in the congregation had turned around.—*From our Dumb Animals.*

UNITY
PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY
3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago

$2.00 per annum. In Clubs of ten or more, $1.00 per annum.

EDITORS.
JENKIN LLOYD JONES.
WILLIAM KENT.
ASSISTANT EDITORS.
EDITH LACKERSTEEN. ELLEN T. LEONARD.
FREDERICK W. BURLINGHAM.
EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS.
Hiram W. Thomas. Jane Addams. John W. Chadwick.
Caroline Bartlett Crane. Emil G. Hirsch. E P. Powell.
Oscar L. Triggs. R. A. White. Joseph Stoltz
John Faville. Frederick Starr. Granville Ross Pike.
Frederick E. Dewhurst

THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes.

THE SWISS REFERENDUM.—Once more the utility of the referendum has been demonstrated in Switzerland. The Swiss people have had before them for acceptance or rejection a proposed compulsory insurance law which had passed the Federal Legislature with but one dissenting voice, that of Deputy Edouard Odier, of Geneva. For his opposition to the measure he was violently assailed by certain party organs, but on May 20 the people, by a majority of 124,000 votes, gave emphatic indorsement to his estimate of the proposed legislation. This result cannot be regarded as a partisan victory or defeat, nor yet as a condemnation of the principle of insurance, which is already recognized in the federal constitution, but rather as a well-considered rejection of its application as embodied in the provisions of the Forrer law. This project has been widely discussed through the medium of the press, not merely editorially, but in numerous popular contributions evidencing the careful study it was receiving. The principal objections to it, broadly stated, were these: that it was undemocratic in that it was much restricted in its application and favored the large industries and capitalists at the expense of the small; that it made a needlessly large addition to the office-holding class, thereby unduly increasing the financial burden of governmental administration; that the pains and penalties for non-compliance with its requirements were such as to make the ultimate expense fall on the community at large rather than on the individuals guilty of such neglect. The *Signal*, of Geneva, comments as follows on the result: "Who would have believed that the Swiss people could discuss and understand as well as it has a complicated measure like the Forrer law, with its 400 articles? Yet this is the magnificent result attained, viewed from the standpoint of popular intelligence."

HOW MUNKACSY BECAME A PAINTER.—Readers familiar with the portraits of Maurus Jokai, the popular Hungarian novelist, will appreciate this little story, told by Munkacsy himself, of what roused his first desire to be an artist. It is given on the authority of the *Revue d'Orient et de Hongrie*. It was at a banquet given in his honor in 1882 that Munkacsy related the incident. "Do you know," he said, turning to Maurus Jokai, "do you know that it was your mustache that led me to become a painter? I was a poor journeyman carpenter at Arad. Passing by the Bettelheim bookstore there one day I saw in the window the life-size picture of a patriot with a mighty mustache. 'What superb mustachios!' I said to myself, 'oh, if I could only paint that handsome man!' As soon as I had a little money I bought the picture, and succeeded with the mustache and the portrait. All to whom I showed it recognized it instantly and said: 'Why, that is Maurus Jokai, the man who writes all kinds of stories!' Later when I showed this picture and others I had made to my uncle, Constantin Rock, he said: 'Perhaps you might become a painter? I did not know much about painting or painters, but my uncle's words made a deep impressions on my mind and my memory." This Uncle Rock sent the young carpenter to a painter of Arad named Fischer, and so started him on his artistic career. M. E. H.

ANN ARBOR, MICH. The work of the Unitarian church at the great University center is progressing steadily. Substantial repairs were made upon church and parsonage last summer. The church has already paid twice as much of the indebtedness thus incurred as the society expected to raise during this year. A memorial window (made by Tiffany) will be dedicated in October, the gift of Mrs. Frances Crane Lillie. Plans for social and educational work among students and young people, during the coming season, are well under way. A score of the faculty are often present at morning services; nearly twice the number are more or less interested in the work of the church. Bible classes doing a very high grade of work have been continued this year. A course of noon lectures after Sunday morning service will be given next year on Christian History, following the topics of Mr. Crooker's manual on the same subject. These will be given by specialists largely from the University faculty. Mr. Crooker spends half of his vacation in Amherst, Mass., preaching in the Unitarian church there during July. The last of this month he will give the commencement address at Canton Theological School where his son is preparing for the ministry. Mrs. Crooker has given many lectures during the past year, both east and west; and at present she is preaching to two Universalist churches near Ann Arbor, helping one to build a chapel and the other to gather strength to settle a minister.

The Boston Anniversaries.—A correspondent writes us: "As I expected, but contrary to the apprehensions of some, the Congress of Religion proved a happy introduction and stimulus to the regular anniversary meetings in Boston. The gratifying and the Free Religious Association had the best American Unitarian Association meetings were in every way meeting for many, many years." The seventy-fifth anniversary of the Unitarians was well thought out, generously planned and nobly realized. At the Free Religious Association such speakers as Ernest Howard Crosby, Dr. Edward Emerson, Charles F. Dole, Mozoomdar, Prof. Edward Howard Griggs, could not fail in making the occasion memorable. At the Unitarian festival the most gratifying event, judged from the Chicago distance, was the superb reception given to Senator Hoar, which shows that spite of partisan disfavor the man who pleads the cause of the alien and the struggler after liberty is popular in Boston. At the same distance the faces at the Free Religious Festival that seemed to radiate most light are the benignant faces of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney, veritable mothers in the Israel of love and liberty.

The Sorrowful Christ.

The Man of Peace came back again one night;
Passed slowly down a shell-torn battle height,
Whereon a noise of purple victory,
A whirl of war, had scarcely ceased to be.

And harried homes had sent their piteous yield
Of brother hating brother to that field.
Hot, choking fumes across the hilltops swept,
Where late the little bands of flowers had kept
An open house for friendly, wandering bees,
While leaves had lisping gossip in the trees,
And wild wet bloodmarks splashed the broken ground,
And birds with knowing eyes were circling round,
Praising and cheering in their skirling reel
These men who die that birds may have a meal.

Bleared bodies stretched them at the white Christ's feet;
No men bent there the living God to meet,
But hurled and heaped in hurricane of rage,
And in their mouths a bite of dust for wage.

And they had starved and sweat and cursed and died
To soothe some swaggering lordling's huffy pride,
For some poor plume i' the cap, some whimsy chance,
Some braggart's boast, some strutting circumstance.
Yea, homes must feed the vultures, and must feed
The huckster statesmen in their crawling greed.

And then I heard the tender Christ make moan,
The Mothering One who makes all grief His own.
His face was drawn with pain; I heard Him say:
"And after all the ages this today!
Bloodshed and blare and blaze of battle flame,
Ravage and Rage, and yet they take My name!"

Catherine Markham.

From the San Francisco Call.

The Delightfully Cool Summer Resorts

Of the north and northwest are reached most quickly and comfortably by the Chicago and North-Western R'y, among the principal resorts being Milwaukee, Waukesha, Madison, Pistakee Lake, Lake Geneva, Fond du Lac, Green Lake, Devil's Lake, Green Bay, Neenah-Menasha, Marquette, Cogebic Lake, Ashland, St. Paul, Minneapolis and Duluth. For tickets, rates and descriptive pamphlets, apply at ticket offices, 193 Clark St., or Wells St. station.

TOWER HILL ENCAMPMENT

...AND...

SUMMER SCHOOL.

A NOOK AMONG THE HILLS.

OVERLOOKING a noble sweep of the Wisconsin river, out of sight and sound of railroad, the bustle of trade, the gossip of the town, the hurry and heat of the farm or the conventional proprieties of dress and the dressy people of the "Resorts" and where "country boarders" flock.

A place where a small Colony may gather in the love of nature and the truth, simplicity and beauty represented thereby for the rest that is renewal. A place where poetry and science and the religious restorations that belong thereto are a daily investment, a presence and not a search, a quiet inward influence rather than an outward accomplishment.

VACATION IS THE SEASON OF FELLOWSHIP.

SUMMER is the time for constructive and not destructive work, for synthesis, not analysis. It is hard to keep the consciousness of denominational lines when out of doors. These reasons have unconsciously entered into the life blood of the Chautauqua movements and the out of door assemblies. Their very existence depends upon their inclusiveness and undogmatic life. In the interest of this undenominational love of truth and life, a part of the great summer university under the trees, the Tower Hill Summer School will hold its eleventh session of five weeks, beginning July 15th and ending August 18th. The leading features of the summer's work will be as follows:

Literature and Art. Forenoons first two weeks — Mr. Jones, Leader— the Pre-Raphaelites, the Rossettis, William Morris, Burne-Jones, George F. Watts: their thought as represented in poetry, picture and reform, with a side glance at the Keltic element in English poetry.

Third week, forenoons. The dramas of Victor Hugo, by Miss Annie Mitchel of Chicago, as follows: 1. The Preface and Drama of Cromwell. 2. Hernani; Marion de Lorme; Ruy Blas. 3. Le Roi s' amuse; Lucrèce Borgia. 4. Marie Tudor; La Esmeralda; Angelo. 5. Les Burgraves; Torquemada. (Find English Translation in the Bohn Library, "Dramatic Works of Victor Hugo," 1 vol, 80c.)

Fourth week, forenoons. The Apocryphal Literature, or the Blank Leaf Between the Old and New Testaments, under the leadership of Mr. Jones.

Fifth week, forenoons, by Mr. Jones. Furthur Intercourse with the Master Bards: Browning, Emerson, Whitman.

Science. The afternoons will be given to a quiet study of science at short range—field, forest and stream studies near at hand. Prof. L. S. Cheney of the University of Wisconsin, Secretary of the recent Forestry Commission of the State, will help in the study of trees, Prof. Marshall, of the U. of W. will give a week to the study of insect life. Dr. Libby of the same University will conduct bird classes. Prof. Perisho, of the Platteville Normal School, local geology. T. R. Lloyd Jones, teacher of science in the Hillside Home School, will give some glimpses of the wild life in the vicinity, in scales and furs. All these studies will be carried on with aid of Black-board, stereopticon and the real things alive or dead.

Stereopticon. It is hoped to awaken special interest in the New Hunting: catching without killing. All encouragements will be given to amateur photographers; and if they carry their achievements far enough the result of their hunting and catching will, from time to time, be shown through the lantern. Among the slides already arranged for are illustrations of bird life, through the courtesy of the Audobon Society; views from Glastonbury to Stonehenge; Victor Hugo's Les Miserables; illustrated lecture on John Brown; Illustrated lecture on the late lamented artist Munkacsy; the pictures of Burne-Jones, Watts, the Rossettis and other representatives of their school.

Lectures. One or two a week on subjects related to the work including two or three lectures on Ruskin and one on Dante by H. M. Simmons of Minneapolis.

General Features of the Tower Hill Encampment.

From First of July to Middle of September outside of the Summer School.

Vesper Readings each Sunday, including interpretative readings of Shelley's Skylark, Browning's Rabbi Ben Ezra and Saul, Kipling's McAndrew's Hymn, Henry Van Dyke's The Toiling of Felix, and other masterpieces.

Grove Meetings for three Sunday, with basket dinner. In the Spirit of the Congress of Religion, possibly under the auspices of the Wisconsin committee.

Readings on the porch of Westhope cottage, generally one hour each morning when the summer school is not in session. Tolstoi, Ruskin and William Morris will be the authors most in hand.

Drives and Walks. A new barn is being erected at Tower Hill. Boarders can arrange for riding and driving at reasonable rates.

TERMS.

Registration fee entitling to all the privileges of summer School $5 00. Board in Dining hall, $4.00 per week.

Room in Long House for one or two, $3.00 per week or $20.00 for the season, from July 1st to September 15th, 1900.

Particulars concerning cottages, tents will be furnished by letter.

Excursion rates, round trip, good from June 1st to October 1st, from Chicago to Spring Green $8.00. Tower Hill Buck Board will meet all trains when advice is given before hand. Fare 25c, Trunks 25c.

Tower Hill is situated three miles from Spring Green, Wis., a station on the Prairie Du Chien Division, of C. M & St. P. Ry.

Trains leave the Union Depot, corner of Canal and Adams Sts., Chicago, at 9 a. m., reaching Spring Green at 4 p. m. and at 3 p. m., arriving at 10 p. m.

For further particulars concerning location board, tents, horses, etc., write to Mrs. Edith Lackersteen, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago, after July 1st at Spring Green, Wis.

HINTS TO TOURISTS,

a new publication, giving full and accurate information about the charming summer resorts of Illinois, Wisconsin and Michigan, located along the line of the Chicago & North-Western Railway, attractively illustrated, will be mailed upon receipt of two cents postage by W. B. Kniskern, 22 Fifth Ave., Chicago.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL

Runs Two Solid Vestibuled Trains Daily

DIAMOND SPECIAL NIGHT TRAIN

DAYLIGHT SPECIAL DAY TRAIN

between Chicago and St. Louis.

Free Reclining Chair Cars, Parlor-Café Cars, Pullman Buffet Open and Compartment Sleeping Cars. See that your ticket between Chicago and St. Louis **Reads via Illinois Central Railroad.** It can be obtained of your local ticket agent.

A. H. HANSON, G. P. A., Ill. Cent. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

HELPFUL PAMPHLETS

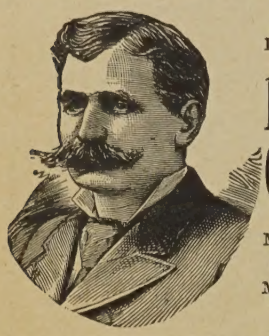
For Sunday School and Home.

"Ethics of School Life,"	*15c.*
"Growth of Christianity,"	*30c.*
"Mother Nature; Helpers,"	*20c.*

Catalogue Free.

Western Unitarian Sunday School Society

175 Dearborn St., CHICAGO.



To Repair Broken Articles use

Major's Cement

Remember MAJOR'S RUBBER CEMENT, MAJOR'S LEATHER CEMENT.

DIVINITY SCHOOL — OF — HARVARD UNIVERSITY

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

AN UNDENOMINATIONAL SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY.

Announcement for 1900-01, Now Ready.

WANTED. Every salesman and agent to write us and get description of the greatest labor saving devise on earth. Merchants, bankers and lawyers all buy.

National Supply Mfg. Co.,
Dayton, - - - - Ohio.

"BIG FOUR"

THREE GREAT TRAINS.

"KNICKERBOCKER SPECIAL"
BETWEEN
ST. LOUIS, INDIANAPOLIS, CLEVELAND, CINCINNATI, NEW YORK and BOSTON.

"SOUTHWESTERN LIMITED"
BETWEEN
CINCINNATI, COLUMBUS, CLEVELAND, NEW YORK and BOSTON.

"WHITE CITY SPECIAL"
BETWEEN
CINCINNATI, INDIANAPOLIS and CHICAGO.

E. O. McCORMICK, Pass. Traffic Mgr. D. B. MARTIN, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

OMAHA SIOUX CITY

THE ST. PAUL ROAD

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry.

SHORT LINE

ELECTRIC-LIGHTED TRAINS ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

Ticket Office, 95 Adams Street.

$31.50 Round Trip to Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo,

via Chicago, Union Pacific & North-Western Line on June 20, July 9, 17, and August 1, good returning until Oct. 31, also very low rates on same dates to Glenwood Springs, Salt Lake City, Ogden, Deadwood and Hot Springs, S. D. Quickest time. Best service. For tickets, reservations and full information, apply at ticket offices

Chicago & North-Western Ry.,
193 Clark St. and Wells St. Station.

"THE BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY NEAR CHICAGO"

is the title of a finely printed and beautifully illustrated booklet descriptive of the numerous attractive suburbs located on the Chicago & North-Western Railway, which every resident of Chicago should possess. Apply at ticket offices, 193 Clark St., or send two cents in postage to W. B. Kniskern, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agt, 22 Fifth Ave., Chicago.

MARRIAGE INVITATIONS, ANNOUNCEMENTS, AT HOME AND CHURCH CARDS PRINTED OR ENGRAVED.

Mail Orders Receive Prompt Attention. Samples Sent on Application.

University Printing Co.

3969 Cottage Grove Avenue, CHICAGO.

YOU WILL REALIZE THAT "THEY LIVE WELL WHO LIVE CLEANLY," IF YOU USE

SAPOLIO